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NEWS & VIEWS

Genocide in Brazil

The extermination of the forest Indians of Brazil—a mass murder hundreds of thousands of victims along—continues to be overlooked by the American press.

The oversight is impossible to explain, especially given the way the tragedy has moved others. The German hierarchy has protested the atrocity to several Latin American governments. *Christ und Welt* of Stuttgart says the evil "outscales Vietnam and Biafra put together." London's *Sunday Times* compares the slaughter to that of the Indian in the U.S. in the last century.

It's an appalling story, yet scant notice here. *Atlas* devotes much of its January issue to what is happening to the Brazilian Indian. Maybe it will spark some public response. But don't count on it. Americans have a whole history of indifference on Indian questions.

The details of the Brazilian massacre defy belief. Whole tribes are being wiped out—by means which range from bombing with dynamite sticks ("bananas," they're whimsically called in Brazil), to slick bacteriological tricks, like issuing the Indians clothing impregnated with smallpox virus.

The villains of the piece are land pioneers and corrupt politicians, often times working with the tolerance of the government's Indian Protection Service, sometimes, in the phrase of the London *Times*, with its "ardent cooperation."

Two elements conspire to aggravate the Indians' fate: they're an unwanted race (shades of the American Indian's lot); and they occupy lands that turn out to be rich in minerals and rare metals. What else to do but wipe them out?

The campaign against the Brazilian Indian is not new; it's been going on for 20 years and more. But its ferocity has escalated with the new fever for land, land, land. (It's the one thing they're not making any more of these days.)

Outside interests are deeply involved in the land grab, and thus, as *Jeune Afrique* of Tunis remarks, share an accountability for the genocide of the Indians. One-fifth of Brazil is owned by foreigners, the largest single owner being Boat Carriers Corporation, a U.S. front. Another big U.S. owner is Sellig Brothers, which has bought and resold to American citizens over 3.3 million acres of Brazil. Prince Rainier also knows a good thing when he sees it. He owns Brazilian lands 12 times the size of Monaco.

Everyone's getting theirs, you see, except the Indian, who only happened to be there first. He dies.

Agnew in Asia

"If it's Tuesday it must be Belgium" . . . rather, India.

Whoops, it's Katmandu, Nepal. But, what the hell, it's all the same: the Far East. And there's enough confusion in ceremonial tours to grease the Vice President past a *faux pas* or two.

Nepal, Taiwan, Singapore, Afghanistan, etc. (Agnew didn't even go to India)—11 countries in 21 days. That's less than 48 hours per country. It beats Nelson Rockefeller's record for Latin America, which is no mean feat.

Agnew in Auckland (which is in New Zealand) said that "if Senator Fulbright would like [him] to give him the benefit of [his] reflections after visiting these 11 Asian nations, [he'd] be very happy to do that."

Fulbright, who was concerned Agnew was making promises he couldn't fulfill, didn't take up the offer. Which seems as well. It's always better for a chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee to consult with people who begin with a knowledge of the geography.

Whatever Agnew's talents as a bearer of moon stones, they stop short of knowing India from Nepal.

On the other hand, there's a lot of hearing-out that is urgent. Someone still has to explain the ambiguities in the Nixon Doctrine, so called, for Asia, and how (a) the U.S. can remain the power it pledges to be, while (b) it allegedly disengages and (c) returns to Asian nations the responsibility for their own security.

Not that disengagement isn't a good thing; indeed it is. But someone could be leading someone down a garden path, and it would seem wiser to clarify the matter sooner rather than later, before one or another or several end up in a briar patch.

Trog—London Daily Mail

Re-Making the Image

The superpatriots are turning it on for Army Lieutenant William Calley Jr., accused of murdering 110 Vietnamese civilians at Song My.

The Jacksonville, Florida, American Legion is spearheading nationally a $200,000 Calley defense fund, and in Atlanta the Legion and VFW are seeking to boost Calley to rank of hero.

The Atlanta effort hasn't been going too well. A recent rally in support of Calley was expected to draw 3,000 people. Only 34 turned out.

Undaunted, the pro-Calley people there are pushing ahead, circulating in veterans' posts throughout the Southeast a petition protesting "the unjust and unwarranted charges" against Calley and claiming that by prosecuting Calley the Army is "playing into the hands of the Communists."

A Sporting Politics

"Look at the green in me eye," say the Irish when they suspect someone is pulling their leg.

And a good leg-pull at first seemed the news out of Vietnam that the Saigon government was running a six-day bike-race through the Central Highlands, around Saigon, and across the Mekong Delta to Longxuyen; 500 crazy miles.

It sounded like a chapter lost out of Jimmy Breslin's new novel, but there was no kidding about it. Relays of tanks and armored personnel carriers escorted the cyclists; overhead were helicopter gunships, and behind lagged trucks to pick up the racers and rush them through danger zones.

Saigon's purpose was to dramatize its control over the countryside. Maybe the point was made, but it was still the craziest stunt since Kid Sally Palumbo screwed up Papa Baccala's six-day bike-race in *The Gang That Couldn't Shoot Straight*. JOHN DEEDY

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CORRESPONDENCE

The Catholic Radical

East Norwalk, Conn.

To The Editors: Perhaps the American Catholic radical might more easily remain within the present structure if he accepts a different set of presuppositions than those proposed by Rosemary Ruether ["The Messianic Core," Jan 16]. The general tenor of her article seems to suggest that messianism has been most at home outside the Church since specific references are made only to the Anabaptists, Puritans, Shakers, and Rappites. There also seems to be an implication that a Constantinian Christianity prevailed unchallenged until the late Medieval and Reformation era.

If by the term Messianism is meant "an effort to abolish the distinction between ecclesial renewal and world renewal," the phenomenon appeared as far back as the eighth century and remained more or less a constant within the medieval Church. Attempts at world renewal or the renewal of the human community and judgment on society took various forms: roaming the streets and begging a living in imitation of the Apostles or the founding of monasteries where men, women, and even children lived in poverty. Dr. Ruether has no point of reference for the late medieval period but surely Francis of Assisi was interested in "the human community itself viewed from the perspective of God's Spirit which is making all things new."

The need is not for violent separation from an inauthentic society but from whatever has made social innovators ineffective in the modern era.

ALICE M. FARRELL

The Gay Scene

San Francisco, Calif.

To the Editors: Much of what Dr. Willard Gaylin says in his review [Dec. 12] of Ralph Weltge's *The Same Sex* is per-

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THE ASEPTIC SOCIETY

State of the Union addresses are almost of necessity broad-stroke exercises, so perhaps it was sufficient that President Nixon should have dealt Jan. 22 primarily in the identification of national priorities. The generalities and lack of specifics were apparent, but aspects of the "new federalism" were not to be belittled, and the determination to rescue the American environment was certainly to be encouraged. This is an emphasis long needed in the country, desperately so. Yet, how much more reassuring it would have been if there were a recognizable consistency between the Nixon of purpose and the Nixon of performance. Nixon spoke of a $10-billion clean waters program, but his latest budget drafts would use only $214 million of $800 million appropriated and available for the very thing which would be the principal item of his $10-billion plan: modern municipal waste treatment plants. By the same token, Nixon spoke of quickened educational and job opportunities, while at the same time he held the threat of veto over a Congressional bill in these fields which was a modest $1.1 billion above his liking, a threat he later made good. Also, he spoke of fulfilling "equal voting rights" at the very moment when he would let the Voting Rights Act of 1965 expire in favor of a weak Southern-strategy measure.

This is the problem. When one gets by the broad strokes to the fine detail, the "new road" of Nixon's vision is the tricky byway of his past. Peace is the "first priority," paragraph 11; but a balanced Federal budget is the "highest priority," paragraph 55. The peace allusion is obvious rhetoric; can anyone honestly argue that "prospects for peace are far greater today than they were a year ago," after the intentional downgrading of the peace negotiations themselves? There is no ambiguity, however, about Nixon's "highest priority." In his era of new commitment, Nixon virtually swears to a balanced budget, with large generosity in only one direction: "1971 spending for local law enforcement will double that budgeted for 1970." Such a budget will require "some very hard decisions," Nixon explained. "It means rejecting pending programs which would benefit some of the people when their net effect would result in price increases for all the people." The poor will know how to translate that, just as the put-upon in American society will understand instinctively the meaning of the doubled investment in law and order.

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These accentuations telegraph the real Nixon priorities, just as the omissions from his address communicate unmistakably the allegiances. (Nixon made no mention at all of blacks or minority groups.) The address reveals, in a word, a Nixon in predictable evolution, a Nixon offering the country, in effect, an aseptic society—depurated, orderly and comfortable—the extension, as it were, of the green, clean, elitist country club.

To achieve the Nixon vision of the good life, most of the necessary alliances have been made, with the notable exception of youth. But young America is being subtly worked upon. And if it can't be evangelized into some kind of super-Pepsi generation, then it will be coopted. Four days prior to Nixon's quality-of-life pitch, the press blossomed with full-page notices for an environmental teach-in on April 22, with contributions to the teach-in being tax-deductible. (What previous teach-in had that advantage?) It seemed no coincidence. The tactic, obviously, is to channel the social energies of youth away from the difficult and embarrassing issues of the recent past to the agreeable outlet of conservation.

Nixon played his public part in the State of the Union talk. "Restoring nature to its natural state is a cause beyond party and beyond factions," he said; ". . . it is a cause of particular concern to young Americans." Which it may be, but not to the extent suggested. Young Americans have their priorities, too, and they must find it obscene to be talked to in terms of "quality of life" in America, when in America's name they are groomed to perform life's dirtiest chores, soldiering around the world and killing in a vile war in Vietnam. Likewise, they must find it obscene to be romanced about "a new American experience . . . of the goodness and grace of the human spirit," when in much of America they see the human spirit denied, and detect in their President no hint that a deprived ghetto is as compelling a problem as a polluted stream.

Nixon has succeeded, regretfully, in blunting much dissent on the war. If he succeeds in coopting youth and making air, water, open spaces the abiding social concern of their young lives, he will have attained more good fortune than he deserves or the conservation challenge warrants. For crucial as this challenge is, if it overwhelms witness on peace and war and issues of social justice, the gain will be at a price to crucial concepts of human dignity.

ENDING CAMPUS MYTHS

If the opinions of the college administrators who attended the recent convention of the Association of American Colleges are to be taken seriously, campus disorders have passed their peak. It's always possible, of course, that the assembled deans and presidents were whistling in the breeze, and that the warm weather will find the students on the streets again. While the quiet lasts, though, it might be worth emphasizing some of the findings of a recent study on student unrest by the Urban Research Corporation of Chicago.

To judge by our mail, middle-class citizens find the conduct of the student demonstrators particularly infuriating. Suggest that the students in fact are generally non-violent in their actions, that they often have legitimate grievances, and that the New Left was not in control of each and every affected campus, and you could be pretty sure of a few instant indignant letters and even of some this-is-the-last-straw subscription cancellations. Yet this is pretty much what the Urban Research findings add up to.

According to the study, most student protests last year were non-violent in character and did not seriously disrupt routine, New Left groups were a relatively minor factor in these demonstrations (are you listening, J. Edgar?), and the protestors were more concerned with campus affairs than issues like the Vietnam war—indeed, almost half the protests in 1969 involved the drive by black students for black studies courses, larger black enrollment, and the like. Another forty-four percent of the demonstrations were aimed at greater student participation in campus decisions—not, significantly enough, for control but for a voice. And to many people's surprise, including ours, Vietnam and the draft were involved in the staging of protests far less than local issues—which may indicate that campus unrest will be with us long after the war is over. Be that as it may, though, at least this report should lay to rest some of the myths that have persistently plagued the student demonstrators and that have been held by onlookers and administrators alike.

A VOLUNTEER ARMY?

The great draft lottery was supposed to provide everyone with definite answers on the draft but it just is not working out that way. Originally it was claimed that a high number guaranteed deferment, but in a matter of days this dictum was challenged by local boards—who do, after all, have the last word. In the resultant confusion, then, this might be a good time to recall the recent conclusion of a Presidential commission that an all-volunteer army is feasible and that such a force could replace a draftee-army at an additional cost of not more than $2 to $4 billion a year.

The trouble is that the issue is not completely clear. War has become immeasurably greater in scope and crueler in detail since mass armies were first raised; the fighting of old-time, small, volunteer forces did not entail nearly so much civilian dislocation and general tragedy. In this sense the call for a volunteer army is a protest against the pervading militarism of our times.

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On the other side of the case, opponents of the volunteer proposal fear that achievement of such a goal would mean a great and ever growing gap between a "professional" army and the civilian population. According to this argument, a volunteer army would constitute a massive lobby on military affairs and would give the country a military force lacking any leavening by the presence of citizen-soldiers with a predominantly civilian point of view.

These, in brief, are the two sides. On balance, we would opt at least tentatively for the volunteer army. The change, it seems to us, would be a blow against the militarization that now extends throughout our national life into almost every American family. Further, the officer corps and senior non-commissioned officers are now, by and large, volunteers; we see little disadvantage in making the lower ranks also voluntary. As for civilian leavening, who is more jingoistic than your local veterans' group? There is, however, one strong proviso to add to this tentative endorsement of a volunteer force: it is just as wrong to fight an immoral war with volunteers as with draftees. In the course of the discussion, no one should lose sight of this fact.

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New Moon Over New Orleans

New Orleans

Black voters displayed considerable new power here when they gave the Democratic mayoral nomination recently to Moon Landrieu, a liberal City Councilman who was opposed by virtually the entire City Establishment. Landrieu, a near-certain winner in the April general election, received 96 percent of the black vote and 40 percent of the white vote in defeating James E. Fitzmorris Jr. by 12,000 votes in a stunning upset. Fitzmorris had led Landrieu by 26,000 votes in the first primary in November.

Fitzmorris, an amiable but Babbitt-like businessman, was supported by just about every prominent figure in New Orleans who did not stay neutral. Seven past-presidents of the Chamber of Commerce served on his campaign committee. Fifteen of the city's 20 state assemblymen backed him, while only two endorsed Landrieu. Even the old line Negro leadership, the Uncle Tom preachers, labor leaders and ward bosses, fell into line—for their usual tidy price. But as one Fitzmorris advisor put it, "they couldn't even carry their own wives."

Landrieu, a 38-year-old father of nine, bid boldly for the black vote, which is now almost 40 percent of the city total. He promised to find important city jobs for qualified blacks and proposed a public accommodations ordinance that went beyond the Federal law of 1964. In the race for city councilman at large he endorsed Ernest "Dutch" Morial, the state's first black state legislator since Reconstruction (who lost by only 6,000 votes). Fitzmorris, who had run against outgoing mayor Victor Schiro eight years ago as a racial moderate, hedged on all these issues, although he avoided the kind of racist appeal Sam Yorty used so successfully in Los Angeles. (Perhaps because Fitzmorris did not try to frighten people, 10,000 whites who voted in the first primary stayed home for the second.)

New Generation Blacks

The campaign was no sudden conversion for Landrieu, who had also served several terms in the state legislature before running for the council. "Any time there was a black-white issue, Moon voted black," said one former colleague. As a result, Landrieu received strong backing from a new generation of younger blacks, many of whom have been learning skills and making contacts in the antipoverty program. (This is just one example of why entrenched politicians are so anxious to make the program subject to local vetoes.) Their canvassing and telephone campaigns worked superbly. Fitzmorris had hoped for a minimum of 15 percent of the black vote; he got 4 percent. The result was so unexpected that an hour before the polls closed a seasoned TV commentator delivered an analysis of the failure of Landrieu's campaign and why he would lose so badly.

Landrieu could not have won without backing, financial and otherwise, from some whites. He got it from the "university crowd" affiliated with Tulane and Loyola, civic-spirited liberals (who last year helped defeat an abominable expressway set to run through the French Quarter), and a few wealthy businessmen, mostly Jewish. These whites worked fairly well with the blacks. Here, as in many Southern cities, whites have always lived close to blacks and employed them in their homes; the relationship was racist and paternalistic, but at least it was there. Now that blacks are gaining equal status, there might be a better basis for interracial cooperation here than in the segregated cities of the North, where many whites grow up never knowing a black.

What kind of mayor will Landrieu make? One indication comes from his fight on the public accommodations bill, whose main purpose was to desegregate bars not covered by the 1964 act. After his nomination, he pushed the legislation through the City Council by a unanimous vote. The ordinance would have been unthinkable just a year or two ago. But New Orleans has been losing convention business as a result of several embarrassing incidents, and the economic motivation proved decisive.

In his campaign, Landrieu stressed the need for new

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taxes and for equalized property assessments, a hot issue in a town where tax assessor is a political job and assessments are the ligaments of the Democratic organization. More money is a precondition for any improvement in civic services; New Orleans, like most cities, is stretched to the limit now.

New Orleans remains an exception in the South. Outside the big cities time has not moved so fast. While Landrieu was winning in New Orleans, several upstate parishes were stiffening their resistance to school integration. It is still unlikely that a liberal could win statewide office here; many have tried, and failed, in the past. But the blacks are coming of age, and their power is just beginning to be felt. STEVEN V. ROBERTS

(Steven V. Roberts is a national correspondent of the New York Times *based in Los Angeles.)*

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CELIBACY AND SCHISM

IN DUTCH WITH ROME

The fifth session of the Dutch Pastoral Council is over. For it, obligatory celibacy is already a thing of the past. In this flat country, known until 1954 as the eager beaver of ultramontanism, eight bishops are now worrying about how to avoid a break with Rome, which they want to prevent at almost any price. But notwithstanding Cardinal Alfrink's repeated pleas to go slow and to be careful, the hundred members of the Council, most of them elected by the diocesan councils but with members added by the episcopate for balance, decided almost unanimously that:

1. For future priests, obligatory celibacy as a condition for the priesthood be abolished;

2. Those priests who wish to marry or are already married should be allowed to continue their duties under certain conditions;

3. Married men should be admissible to the priesthood. Also, the Council voted with practically a two-thirds majority in favor of the total integration of women in the work of the Church, including celebration of the Eucharist.

One would have expected triumphant bursts of applause at this victory. But on the contrary, the members listened in absolute silence when the results were announced. There was no let-up in the tension that had been palpable all morning as the meeting embarked on its final act, the sending of a message of unconditional solidarity to Archbishop Helder Camara in Brazil.

Meanwhile the bishops were pressed from the floor to state unequivocally what their post-Council intentions are for the near future. They answered that their decision would be published soon after a consultation with the Provincials of Religious Orders on January 19th. (The Dutch bishops issued forthwith a call for church-wide discussion of priestly celibacy and said the Dutch church would profit by having married as well as celibate priests.—Editors)

Young Bishop Bluyssen of Den Bosch declared: "We are prepared to play a risky game for high stakes, but never at the price of becoming isolated in the world Church."

"Now be honest, Bishop, if a doctrinal conflict around the Dutch Catechism didn't cause a break with Rome, how could a mere disciplinary matter that dates back to 1180 cause a schism?" scoffed one of the members, a girl student to whom the role of *enfant terrible* seems to have been assigned.

But what bishop could be expected to be bold enough to admit clearly that doctrinal pluriformity, even where the nature of God, of Christ, the infallibility of the pope, and the Immaculate Conception are called into question, might be more easily acceptable to Rome than obvious and conspicuous insubordination?

The Dutch episcopate is indeed in a most precarious position. It is easy enough for the Vatican spokesman, Msgr. Fausto Vallainc, to point to all the world that the Dutch Pastoral Council has no juridical validity. The episcopate of Holland, which begot the Council and fed it at the bosom only to see it grow up to a sizable Frankenstein, cannot simply disregard its quasi-unanimous appeal. Consultative as it may be, the Council was formed to express the convictions of the entire Catholic community of Holland. Some now claim that it does not truly represent that community. Considering that last year's survey by *Elsevier* magazine showed a 70 percent approval of married priests, one asks oneself whether the approval has meanwhile escalated to 90 percent or whether the composition of the Council might after all be less representative than intended.

However strongly the bishops may emphasize their obligation to "solidarity with their brother bishops" elsewhere, they may be forced to maneuver between the Scilla of utter incredibility in Holland and the Charybdis of hot war with Rome. Will they dare to put the recommendations into practice? "Something has to happen," Alfrink admits.

That the possibility of an open conflict with Rome is not a phantasm is clear from Paul VI's hardened stand, confirmed by recent reiterations of his views. The "Jewel of Celibacy" has now become his "Crown of Thorns." ("So why doesn't he take it off?" an article in the Catholic Weekly *De Nieuwe Linie* suggests, somewhat irreverently.)

The absence from the plenary session of Nuncio An-

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gelo Felici has been felt as a Roman slap in the face. The meeting sent him a telegram, and it took Alfrink's personal intervention to have "protesting against your absence" replaced by "regretting your absence." A second sentence in the proposed telegram containing a renewed invitation, however, was flatly rejected. Felici had been warned, it is said, by the conservative group "Confrontation" that by being present he might expose himself to the embarrassment of sitting by silently while the Council defied the Pope in the expected rejection of celibacy.

Another conspicuous absence was that of the *Osservatore Romano*. It had reserved a seat for one of its editors, but he didn't show up.

Notwithstanding the tension before the momentous decisions were taken—Cardinal Alfrink had in six points once more summarized the position of the Holy See and cautioned the meeting—the sessions of the Council were characterized by quiet self-confidence. The tone of the discussions was always calm, civilized and exemplary in its respect for persons and their views. The bishops could not claim to be surprised by the outcome after their many meetings with priests and laymen. There are no barriers to communication here.

The bishops uttered measured criticism of the "Concept-Report" entitled: "Towards a Fruitful and Renewed Functioning of the Priesthood," from which the recommendations were abstracted which were being put to the vote. The Report offers an erudite, fresh, and open-minded treatment of a difficult subject which should be published in an English translation. The bishops pointed out, however, that the Report is deficient in emphasis on the consecration, the apostolic succession, and the sacramental aspect of the priesthood. They found it lacking in agreement with the documents of Vatican II. Also they declared that the description of the pope as the "Secretary General of the united churches" fails to do justice to the theology of Peter's ministry. On the admission of women to the priesthood, all but one bishop held that this would flout twenty centuries of tradition. Father Schillebeeckx among others argued brilliantly against the episcopate's objections, in one of the star-performances of the Council, which had been at its lowest ebb during the discussions on the renewal of the Religious Orders, a subject on which some 80 speakers failed to shed the slightest glimmer of light.

Both the delegates and the Dutch Catholic press keep repeating *ad nauseam* that a schism is unthinkable. Obviously, Catholic Holland cannot deny or abandon its newly found religious life-style. Although unanimously horrified by the idea of a break with Rome, it welcomes the "creative conflict" situation as such. A theologian of great prestige, Professor F. Haarsma, said from the floor: "The decisions we are taking certainly entail certain risks, but precisely because we consider the Pope to be our father, we dare take this risk while confronting him."

The Secretary-General of the Council, W. Goddijn, O.F.M., declared: "The issue is not just celibacy, but the competence of a national episcopate within its own territory. At issue is whether the principles of Vatican II and of last year's Synod can now be put into practice."

The entire Catholic press stresses the moral obligation of the bishops to take action before the next session of the Council in April. It is hopeful that the existing conflict will be solved peacefully, assuming that Rome is as aware of its need to preserve its ties with Holland, as is the case the other way around.. The worried bishops cannot *ex post facto* regard their Council's decisions as *quantité négligeable;* they will have to move with the shortest possible delay. Still, delay they will need desperately in their relation to Rome.

There are some options for such a delay. One is in Father Schillebeeckx' suggestion that married priests should go through a period of self-examination and adaptation lasting one or two years, before being allowed to continue in their functions. A lot can and probably will happen during those one or two years of post-marital quarantine. Also, the Report itself in all its radicalism offers a set of "conditions" (I heard these called "discriminatory" by many) as an escape hatch for the bishops. Bishop Zwartkruis of Haarlem has already clutched at these improbable straws in public. These conditions are: the married priest would be examined as to his motivations. His religious and pastoral attitudes as well as his competence would be subject to the judgment of the members of his parish as well as of his team-mates (shades of the Inquisition).

Five days after the closing of the Council, the *Osservatore Romano* as well as Vatican Radio, which had both ignored the Council, prominently published the letter that Paul VI had written to Alfrink on December 24, 1969 and which the Cardinal, who considered it personal, had declined to make public during this plenary session. In this letter the bishops had been asked to take a strong stand in favor of celibacy. However, they declined to vote on the Council's recommendations instead of voting against them, as the Pope obviously wanted them to do. The bishops did voice doctrinal objections against the Report and reiterated the Pope's criticism of the Report—as contained in the letter—for not being in harmony with the documents of Vatican II. Indeed, they practically quoted the letter: "It speaks only about the Pope in order to minimalize his ministry and the powers he has received from Christ himself."

The publication of the letter at this particular point is obviously a *coup* intended as another move in the religious war of nerves which is being waged between Holland and Rome and which will only develop into a full war of secession if Rome should decide it has the necessary armored divisions to crush the indomitable Dutch.

FREDERICK FRANCK

(Frederick Franck, a frequent contributor, is the author of The Exploding Church *and* Outsider at the Vatican.)

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Carswell, Ideology & the Supreme Court

Were this 18th-century England, the nomination of G. Harrold Carswell to the nation's highest court would be perfectly understandable. Offices were then bought and sold, competency counted for little and family connection for much. The link between Judge Carswell's undistinguished career and his father-in-law's situation as a major contributor to the Florida Republican party; the revelation that when asked by the Justice Department for a list of his legal writings the Judge had absolutely none to offer; the fact that the flap over Mr. Carswell's 1948 speech, whether or not he believes in its racist rhetoric now, whether or not he believed in it then, displays him in his natural role—that of the average political hack spouting the average humbuggery of his time and place—none of this would have shocked the England of George III. We have come to expect a little better—or so we thought. For although the Senate would be completely justified in rejecting Mr. Nixon's latest exercise in mediocrity, it almost certainly won't.

It almost certainly won't, because having rejected Mr. Haynsworth and got Mr. Carswell, it fears that rejecting Mr. Carswell would probably bring on Julius Hoffman or some similar judicial atrocity. More important, it almost certainly won't, because the notion seems widespread that the Senate ought to approve a Supreme Court nominee unless the man is proved either a blackguard or a legal incompetent so cretinous that mention of a tort puts him in mind of Viennese pastry. In short, ideological considerations are to be ruled out of order.

Legal experts are welcome to instruct my ignorance and persuade me that such a restriction is firmly grounded in tradition (those I have talked to have either not persuaded me or not been convinced of this themselves); but I see no grounds in common sense or the Constitution for not considering a man's ideological predilections when voting on his nomination for the Supreme Court. It is commonly done anyway, but surreptitiously—with the usual distortion of the truth. Thus ideological opponents of Judge Haynsworth were led, at times, to inflate him into a sort of Southern Mafioso when in fact his ethical shortcomings were more in the line of the dishevelled cronyism which infects all levels of Washington life.

The question of what criteria can be legitimately used in the evaluation of Supreme Court nominees is entangled with several faulty analogies. Mr. Nixon, for example, pleaded that Judge Haynsworth should be considered innocent until proved guilty, a reasonable proposition, except for the implied comparison between the approval process and a criminal trial, suggesting that the Senate's task was to clear (or not clear) the nominee of any negative charges rather than also to discover in him some positive virtues.

A more important but equally faulty analogy is contained in the assimilation of the process of approving Court nominees to the process of approving Cabinet nominees, Ambassadors and other executive appointments. In the latter cases, it makes good sense to employ criteria of ethics and competence, and not of ideology. These men, after all, are supposed to be the President's aides and advisors, his "right-hand men."

He should be given the benefit of the doubt in his choices, and he should be free to choose men whose views are congenial to his own. But since 1793, when the Supreme Court refused Washington's request for advice on legal details of the Franco-American treaty, it has been clear that the Justices are *not* advisors to the President. The judicial branch being independent equally of the executive and legislative branches, there is no reason why ideological considerations in the choice of Justices should be the prerogative of the executive alone and forbidden territory for the legislators.

In *The Federalist Papers*, when Hamilton argued the advantages of granting the Senate a share in the appointment process, he did not limit himself to matters of ethics and competence. He pointed out how the threat of rejection could check "a spirit of favoritism" in the President, or prevent appointments based merely on the region from which the candidate came or on a presidential quest for popularity. Mr. Hamilton was familiar with the "Southern strategies" of his day.

Hamilton also argued that the Senate's role could be "an efficacious source of stability," limiting the ability of a new President to reverse completely the direction of government he inherits. Here we touch upon the crux of today's problem: Mr. Nixon seems determined to "turn the Court around"; and whether or not he succeeds ought to depend on something more than the Attorney General's ability to dredge up conservative mediocrities who have not had their hand in anyone's till. In the long run, as Mr. Dooley says, "th' Supreme Coort follows th' iliction returns." And that, finally, in a democratic society, is how it ought to be. But there is no reason why those election returns should be those of the Presidency alone and not of the Senate as well.

PETER STEINFELS

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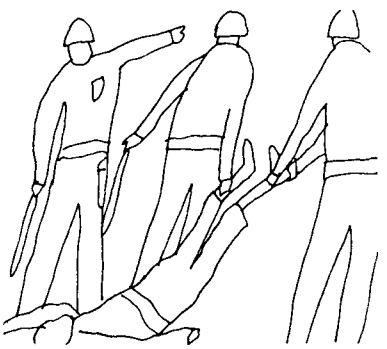
CAESAR AS GOD

Religion and the ungovernability of mankind

JAMES V. SCHALL



In the brief four years since the promulgation of the *Decree on Religious Liberty,* a profound and unsettling change of mood has taken place in our attitude toward the state and religion. At the time this document was debated, it was thought to be important, especially by Americans, because it established, apparently once and for all, the authority and legitimacy of the civil order in its own sphere. But this validity of the civil order has suddenly and violently been called into question, not by the church, but by the civil order itself suddenly become religious and moral. It is almost as if the limited state, which had seemed so strong and self-assured but a few years ago, is now the main institution fighting for its moral life and not the church, as had seemed to be the case while the decree was being written.

The question of church and state is, in its broadest aspects, still the most important question in political theory. Christ's response to the scribes represents the greatest revolution ever introduced into the civil order. Yet, as it is becoming ever more evident, it is wonderfully difficult to judge which of Christ's affirmations is really the more radical one—the one which says that there are things to render to God, or the one which also acknowledges that Caesar too has his legitimate claims which are not *ipso facto* injustices. Ironically, it is beginning to look as if the second of these alternatives requires the greater faith.

What is curious, therefore, is that suddenly in confrontation with the vast moral passion and righteousness arising out of the Vietnam war, poverty, race, and the Third World, the "separated" or liberal state seems more and more the weaker and more fragile institution. The experience of recent years—an experience we Americans are only now beginning to appreciate—is that only the state which is itself already a "church" or an "ideology" can seemingly withstand successfully the moral passion and ethical commitment that turns against the limited scope and competence of the state itself. The liberal state has always been most helpless precisely when moral belief and action becomes a politics.

Professor David Apter noted the striking weakness of the libertarian state in advanced societies. In these modernized polities, moral commitment and religion are, in theory, divorced from the instrumentality of the state. "Our society has become so devoted to the pursuit of individual gain," Apter wrote,

> that our original and larger meanings have been lost. . . . Our society is morally vulnerable. . . . Having lost its religious basis, our society is in danger of becoming a system of organized plunder in which meaning derives only from personal gain, orderliness comes from mere containment of anarchy, and the concept of humanness has no wider dimension than an individual's functional value. This is the ultimate and disastrous consequence of the utilitarianism omnipresent in our schools and colleges and in daily life. How to restore identity and solidarity is the key problem in our society. (David Apter, *The Politics of Modernization,* University of Chicago Press, 1967, pp. 425-26)

Apter first wrote these almost prophetic lines in 1965. More perceptive perhaps than most Christian theologians at the time, he recognized that the liberal state was not the strong, rock-like structure it is too often made out to be. Indeed, it is now commencing to appear that the more challenging and difficult aspects of religious belief re-

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garding the state is not that of rendering to God what is God's, but in preventing what is "God's" from continually destroying what is legitimately Caesar's.

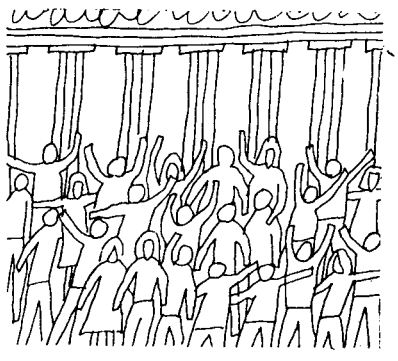
That a significant shift had been taking place in the religious evaluation of the state, a trend somehow contrary to the key impulse and drive of the Council environment, was already clear at the time of the great controversy over Pius XII and the Jews. As I have noted elsewhere, ("The Modern Church and the Totalitarian State," *Studies,* Summer, 1968), this acrimonius debate was essentially about the "failure" of the spiritual to overthrow the temporal, or at least, to have the nobility of going down trying to do so. Meanwhile, the Council and American interests were focused rather precisely upon preventing the possibility of this spiritual power from ever so encroaching on the temporal that it could accomplish such a mission. Today, I suspect, obscure Vatican conservatives and shrewd Spaniards (to name only a few), who insisted on inserting man's primary duty to "the truth" into the religious liberty document, take considerable and, no doubt, malicious delight at the contemporary plight of America, beset as it is by citizens bent on pursuing "the truth" and "complete justice."

Five years ago, of course, few people were writing as if the American state were an immoral and arbitrary monstrosity bent on genocidal war and devouring its own and everyone else's poor. Now, however, a rising crescendo of voices is stridently and everywhere telling us and the world that this is exactly the American situation, so that the state itself must be radically transformed, even destroyed, in the name of spiritual values. It almost seems like the tradition of the First Amendment—which arose in large part not out of theory but out of the practical division of the actual churches—becomes undermined once a new spiritual consensus can sufficiently transcend this ecclesiastical disarray of Christian and Jewish sects to concentrate directly upon the moral basis of the state itself. And this new ethical power becomes all the more effective in American constitutional terms because it is not itself an organized sect but merely a religious force.

During the October Fifteenth Moratorium Rally in rain-drenched San Francisco, the clerks, secretaries, officials, and other administrators of the State of California were looking down upon the three thousand determined demonstrators massing in the Federal Plaza below their office windows. As the litanies of the sins of the American state finally began to die down and the black armbanded crowd began to drift away, a rather unkempt but pretty college-type on the arm of her levi-clad beau rose her clenched fist in a familiar, if unfeminine, gesture that signified (at least in my youth) anything but peace. She screamed up at the bemused but passive state civil servants, "You're pigs, all of you! Hear what I say, pigs, dirty pigs, all of you!" What was I hearing? What was this young woman symbolic of? I wondered as I watched her. Peace? The sword? Hatred? Love? I could no longer be sure.

And yet perhaps it is so, perhaps the "separated" state is really the weaker institution, perhaps this girl's moral righteousness is stronger than the state itself. This had never occurred to me before, largely, I suspect, because I believe that the totalitarian state can handle such protest in short order, I tend to forget that the liberal state cannot. The anxious fear of the Third World theorists may, after all, be right; the mystical, authoritarian state which combines religion and ideology, economics and politics, propaganda and communications in strict allegiance, a veritable earthly "civitas dei," may be the only viable institution today, granted the problems we have. But the modernizing theorists have assumed that this was a danger that would occur in Africa, Asia, and Latin America. Now we discover it is right in the heart of Federal Plaza, San Francisco, U.S.A.

Paul Goodman has suggested that the crucial problem among the contemporary young activists is precisely a need for a "theology" strictly so-called—not liturgy, not



counselling, not even social action, but specifically "dogma," the formal, reasoned content of the faith. They need to know, in other words, what exactly is this "truth" they so fiercely, even intolerantly pursue in this world of, as far as we know, finite men. "In the end, it is religion that constitutes the strength of this generation, and not, as I used to think, their morality, political will and common sense . . ." Goodman reflects.

> On many college campuses, the chaplains provide the only official forum for the discussion of sex, drugs and burning draft cards. Yet it seems to me that, in their zeal for relevance, they are badly failing in their chief duty to the religious young: *to be professor of theology*. . . . The young are hotly metaphysical—but alas boringly so, because they don't know much, have no language to express their intuitions, and repeat every old fallacy. If the chaplains would stop looking in conventional places where God is dead, and would explore the actualities where perhaps he is alive, they might learn something and have something to teach. "The New Reformation," *The New York Times Magazine,* 14 September 1969)

In other words, the spiritual can itself turn and destroy

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the civil order when theology is formless and mindless, when it is an "enthusiasm," as Ronald Knox once called it, a sense of righteousness, a passionate belief with much earnestness, to be sure, but a zeal which still tragically lacks an awareness of the forces of this world, which still does not have a definite, concrete theological structure.

Yet, if your enemies and elected officials are all to be classified as "pigs"—to recall the word of the young San Francisco believer in peace—then there is, as Goodman also suggests, no hope of reconciliation, only war and destruction. "The confronted are not taken as human beings, but as pigs. But how can the young people think of a future community when they themselves have no present world, no profession or job in it, and no trust in other human beings?" (p. 143) And this is the crucial point, for politics is, as Hannah Arendt well reminded us in *The Human Condition,* the pursuit of the tasks of this life, of the mortal man, of issues that are public, finite, meaningful, yet fallible, often unsuccessful and even distasteful and cruel. And there is evil in the world; we must confront it somehow in an organized way. When we withdraw from the present civil order on the grounds that it is totally corrupt, that no process of the liberal state will really work, or when we, more logically perhaps, seek to create a totally new order with none of the defects of the human reality, when, in short, we render also unto God the things that are Caesar's, we have already taken the leap into the greatest of the social confusions, we have already crossed over the great dividing line that separates this world from the next.

What is before us, then, is the viability and legitimacy of the separated state to which alone in Christianity we can owe any true obedience and allegiance. By every criterion, it seems to me, it is this historic limited, liberal state with its vast embodiment of political wisdom and fair play that is being systematically undermined. But this I do not conceive as some kind of a Communist "conspiracy"; rather it is the very power and attractiveness of the spiritual itself which does not have to account, at least in its own mind, for the hard realities of the temporal. The finite confrontations of this worldly politics simply cannot stand such a religious onslaught, at least not, as Goodman suggested, without precise theology.

The erosion of the liberal state takes on worldwide importance because of the central position of the United States in contemporary world history. This portends in the political and theological spheres a return to some new form of the unitary state since the United States has been the major theoretical source and practical example of the possibility of such a separated state. For contemporary political thinkers, then, the hard realities of an American internal crisis cannot be ignored. Alastair Buchan, the Chairman of the Institute of Strategic Studies in London, soberly recounts the consequences of the failure of the American liberal state which, until now, has accepted some responsibility for the world outside of itself:

> Today, "the business of America is everybody's business." If the United States proves ungovernable in the face of new pressures, then there is no hope for world order. If the problems of racial integration prove intractable in the United States, then the prospects for their solution elsewhere are in doubt. If the problems of developing an effective and orderly system of higher education have been misjudged in the United States, then they have been misjudged elsewhere. No one who cares for the values of a liberal society can wish to see American society degenerate, however critical he may be of the various acts of American external policy. ("The United States as a Global Power," *International Journal,* Canadian Institute of International Affairs, Spring, 1969, p. 205.)

But, as Buchan asserts, it is the relentless criticism of American liberal and ideological values, especially those which inspired the United States to concern herself with Europe and Asia in the first place, that is undermining American zeal and effectiveness in world politics. This spells great danger in a world which in fact lives and acts in a predominantly ideological and religious atmosphere. The grim alternative to liberal America may well be precisely the absolute state.

The Vietnam war, no doubt, represents the major occasion for this eroding of American confidence in herself and the increasing doubt upon the part of the rest of the world that America either can or, more especially, will continue to abide by its hitherto contracted commitments. I myself have tended to view this war itself and its consequences pragmatically, while I have regarded much of the criticism of the war philosophically. A politics of "this world," it seems to me, simply cannot avoid military situations in our time and these will be, often enough, morally ambiguous, to say the least. But these situations must be confronted realistically, frankly. I fear the man or the society who believes that moral ambiguities cannot, and therefore should not, exist among human beings. Military confrontations simply do not "go away" and a worse situation is always possible. This is what politics, in a basic sense, is about.

However, I feel that if the reason why "this" war is "wrong" is because *all* wars are "wrong" with no further distinction, then I find myself on the side of the young Jew, or the young Arab, the young Biafran, or the young Czech who see immediately that this theoretical dogmatism is simply nonsense. This is a deliberate blinding of political reality by religion and metaphysics so that it can no longer distinguish real liberty and coercion in the practical realm. There is more to human politics than mere ideals. There is always, to be sure, something "wrong" about wars. The question is always whether war is necessarily the "ultimate" evil. I have somehow never felt that the human spirit was ennobled by denying *in*

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theory the possibility in practice of freeing man from tyranny. And I do not believe that the problem with absolute pacifism as an alternative is merely that it has not been tried. Pacifism has been tried. Sometimes it worked. Sometimes it only caused greater tyranny, which even Gandhi realized, Arthur Koestler recently pointed out in a caustic essay ("The Yogi and the Commissar," *The New York Times Magazine*, 5 October 1969). And this latter possibility, it seems to me, always undermines the moral self-righteousness of absolute pacifism, of which there is usually no lack.

On the other hand, if the war in Vietnam is "lost" because the will of America is radically altered—as I now believe to be the case—then there is no alternative but to recognize that the classical justification of American presence outside its frontiers—reasons always in large part ideological in nature—is now at an end. The world and the United States will have to accept the hard consequences of this change in American political reality. The paradox is, then, that on moral and religious grounds, by virtue of the very primacy of the spiritual—for it is primarily religion and morality, not pragmatic balance of power that is changing American foreign policy—America, at least for the moment, is no longer willing and hence capable of exercising more than a moderate military and political influence outside of herself. If other powers move to fill this vacuum, as they are so moving, so be it.

Power Politics and Idealism

The collapse of American ideological commitments, Alastair Buchan fears, must mean a return to a policy of *realpolitik*. But is there a theoretical way to be content with pragmatic, non-ideological power? The main concepts which accept the "immorality" of moral concern in foreign policy resort to balance of power which simply denies the validity of moral commitment as relevant in civil affairs except as a power factor. The two principal proponents of this approach are Milovan Djilas and Walter Lippmann. This approach holds that reality is too complicated ever to allow one system or ideology ever to dominate the world. This results in the intrinsic necessity for there being divergent and balancing systems. There is a basic skepticism about moral and ideological unity on the world level.

Djilas concludes that Communism itself has necessarily become a group of diverging parties and structures. "No party in East Europe," Djilas testifies,

> is today in the strict sense marxist, in each of these parties there is a divergent tendency. I myself am not anti-communist, but critical of some of its essential dogmas. . . . I don't believe furthermore that orthodox marxist functionaries exist any longer in East Europe, nor even in Russia. At the head rule men still marxist, to be sure, they support themselves behind a mask of orthodoxy, but in reality, it doesn't exist anymore. (Hansjakob Stehle, "Djilas: 'Wenn ich ein Amt hätte,' Ein Gespräch mit dem jugoslawischen Rebellen," *Die Zeit*, 9 Mai 1969)

The humanization of the West and of the East will result from this intrinsic weakness of ideology. Freedom lies in believing no political reality is absolutely "true" or all-powerful.

For Walter Lippmann, mankind today is essentially "ungovernable," that is, the complexity of international affairs, the varying realities of power, prevent there ever being one world state or international system. What there is, is an insurmountable complexity of greater and smaller powers, each with its own sphere of interests over which it watches. The United States has overreached herself since World War II; "we flowed beyond our natural limits and the cold war is the result of our meeting the Russians with no buffer between us." (Henry Brandon, "A Talk with Walter Lippmann . . .," *The New York Times Magazine*, 14 September 1969.) The Soviets too had "natural limits" reached "when the Armistice came in World War II." We can only follow, then, a "blue water" policy—protecting the Pacific Islands, Australia, but we cannot govern or police the Eurasian continents. Europe will have to "find its own balance and equilibrium and unity without the presence of American infantry." The way to come to terms with world realities is to "deflate the American ambition." All American foreign policy since Wilson and FDR has been inflated ambition. Thus the problem is precisely "the ungovernability of mankind," for "there is no available philosophy around that fits the revolutionary period in which we live." Thus at long last we come to the final and ironic conclusion of the Public Philosophy.

Yet, for all of this supposed hard thinking, I do not believe for a moment that the fever and fervor of the religious and ideological movements that are hastening us out of Vietnam and the world at large, that are crying about ecology and absolute justice for all, immediately are inspired by *realpolitik, macht,* or the balance of power. Almost every student I have encountered believes implicitly that we "should" "do" something about world poverty, population, racism, injustice. "We" are guilty, "we" must atone, "we" must react and transform the world. The America that is, in the short run, withdrawing from Vietnam will not become merely neutral. Nor will it become a cold calculator in the chessboard of balance of power. What charges the politics of our time are spiritual and moral values and dreams which either ignore or do not understand the old limitations and traditions upon which the liberal, separated state was conceived and built.

Mankind may very well be "ungovernable," as Lippmann supposes, but no one who is "concerned" today really believes this. Quite the contrary, the mood is not *realpolitik* but something more akin to "civitas dei" in a form we have never known before in the United States.

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Professor Buchan was right about the central American philosophical tradition of optimism, of its formative belief that all is possible. What is happening, however, is not the demise of this sense from politics and economics, but its transference to a new form of American religious-political enthusiasm. The "anti-war" movement, as far as I can understand it, is not really "anti-war" either in its philosophy or its action. Nor is it isolationist or "non-interventionist." It is fired with zeal to re-create the world in the name of a new justice. It is this somehow darker side of American life, temporarily obscured by a withdrawal psychosis, that Europe and the rest of the world are only now beginning to wake up to.

Norman Macrae points out the historical significance of the United States to the world: "The United States in the last third of the twentieth century is the place where man's long economic problem is ending; but where his social problems still gape. On any rational view, the enormous fact of that approach to economic consummation should rivet all attention" ("The Neurotic Trillionaire," *The Economist*, 10 May 1969). Yet, in spite of this promise, the American society seems "on the edge of a national nervous breakdown." What is the quality and character of the revolutionary trends sweeping the United States? Can they be expected to further peace and freedom in the world?

> When I was in America in February and March, these university disturbances were much in the news. I had an opportunity to visit one when a major eastern university held a seminar on South Africa. . . . Amazingly dreamy liberal intellectuals in Washington had some idealistic notion of what a planned disturbance of this kind would be like. I was told I would find "the new left wing spirit of American youth rather exciting."
>
> What I found was the dreariest old Nazism. I am sorry if this contradicts accounts of America's new left by other British journalists—and I would dearly believe that one was witnessing here a new awakening to the desirability of actively reorganizing society around new needs and ideals, including a much greater emphasis on justice and intellectual temerity and appreciation of beauty and gentleness—but I can only report on this one stage show that I saw. The cult of violence, the cult of youth, the cult of proclaiming that one is ruled by plutocracy, the primordial enjoyment of a group togetherness in expressing hate, the raucous speeches made by proud leaders, with practiced (and, to those who do not remember the 1930's, impressive) timing and delivery—anybody over the age of 45 knows when and where in Europe youth was last asked to bathe in these emotions, and remembers grimly how many did so all too gladly. As with Hitler's national socialists, the screamier orators present called themselves some sort of socialist, and used that proud term to absolve what they said from having any intellectual content whatsoever. (pp. 55, 57)

These are harsh and disturbing words because they come from a source sympathetic to America.

Yet, its warning sounds clear. And it is a warning that the alternative to American "self-righteousness," as it was so easily called in the days of Lyndon Johnson, the alternative to the American liberal-capitalist order for the rest of the world will not necessarily be, as we have often thought, an isolated America, a liberal America, or an America content with self-interest. It will not even be a rightist America, as I myself have generally suspected. The new American radical inspiration is no less "world-oriented" than Wilsonian and World War II liberals. It is no less interested in the "quality" of the governments in South America than Theodore Roosevelt. If anything, the new vision of American society will be one that is dedicated to making the world safe not for democracy but for man, abstract man. It will wish to control population, eradicate quickly political and social injustices. Neither the traditions of the separated state nor those of *realpolitik* can withstand the onslaught of this new American vision.

We should not, in conclusion, overlook the Christian origins of this contemporary American dilemma. If the "unum necessarium" of our times is the ministering to the poor and the weak wherever they may be, by revolutionary and political means, the "obligation" to achieve this is clearly Judaeo-Christian in origin. But if we are reminded that politics is not religion, that there is a limitation to what we can expect to achieve by social action, then we are again attentive to the other aspect of Christ's dichotomy, that Caesar's things are of this world. Christianity has sought to enable politics to be only politics. It has realized the seductive danger of equating religious mysticism with the political tasks of this world.

And yet, it is difficult to see how the tradition of the separation of church and state in the broad sense of that term can last much longer in the contemporary climate. We are undoubtedly coming into a century of "action politics" in which "contemplation" will be identified with doing what an ideology decrees for the accomplishment of the earthly goals. The prospect ahead of us is, I suspect, for a politics of the earthly "civitas dei" in which we will act, for a while at least, as if we were our own gods.

The fundamental historical problem of Christianity has always been how to live with philosophic and religious enthusiasm that become political. It should not be surprising that this is again the imminent prospect before us. Total devotion to political transformation is idolatry. Total devotion to religion overturns the civil order. The paradox of religion and politics remains: what can we expect Caesar actually to do? What things really only belong to God?

In the beginning, Christians were challenged to believe that Caesar was not a God, yet that his authority was

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real. Today the problem seems almost the opposite. We clearly know about the fallibility of the reigning Caesars, Communist and democratic. Yet, the logic of the predicament of our times again makes a new committed, pure Caesar seem like the answer to the ungovernability of mankind. But this new Caesar will not be anything so tangible and shrewd as an Augustus or even a Diocletian. We are looking for a social order which is at once holy and abundant. There is no doubt that the inspiration of "anti-war" and "justice to mankind" believes this to be fully possible. But is it true that only by making Caesar into a new god we can create a human city? Behind all the controversy we witness, this is the perennial religious question we face. What Christianity means is this: the state must remain finite. All else—dare I say it?—is heresy.

THE ACT OF THE ACTOR

Jerzy Grotowski's Polish Laboratory Theatre

PATRICK McDERMOTT

On December 15 the Polish Laboratory Theatre finished a month-and-a-half-long run of three plays performed in America for the first time. Director Jerzy Grotowski started to evolve the Laboratory around 1959. Within seven years, when the Lab. began to tour outside of Poland, its reputation was already international. The Lab.'s New York appearance ended the anxious vigil of American theatricians that began about 1964, when they first heard, via the *Tulane Drama Review,* that serious drama was alive and well and performing in Poland.

But Director Grotowski is at pains to criticize, if not to contest, the collage of report, rumor, and repute that precedes him almost wherever he goes. While Grotowski acknowledges his debt to Konstantin Stanislavski (1865-1938)—a founder of the Moscow Art Theatre and father of most of the extent institutionalized forms of actor-training—Grotowski seems intent to avoid the retinue of disciples who have inevitably rallied round his predecessor's unfortunate phrase, "Systems and Methods of Creative Art." Stanislavski sired the idea of comprehensive training for stage players. Now "Stanislavski" is synonymous with "the Method." Moot to say whether or not Stanislavski's ghost is at peace in the tomb of his self-propelled system. Ghosts have no choice but to accept their fates, and whatever homage they are paid.

Men, however, can resist being buried alive in monuments. Grotowski clearly means to dissociate his name from the idea of system, not only because excavations for monuments to him are already deep and steep, but because it falsifies the creative process. If Grotowski's actors were not among the best-trained in the world, and if the Lab. were less creative than it is, Grotowski's disclaimer would never be necessary.

Also, in the way of disclaimers, Grotowski has emphasized the collaborative nature of work at the Lab. If "Grotowski" is often the eponym for the Lab., "Grotowski," as the man himself has said, is only a symbol. Further, the intense interest in "Grotowski" has made it necessary for him to add that emulators who are imitators do not play fair. The only fair play, as he has indicated, is an authentic personal response.

Part of Grotowski's problem is that, among practicing artists, he is one of the most articulate. During his visit here, he gave four public lectures, in which he brought new light to bear upon his essential concern: the act of the actor. He ended his final talk with a kind of palinode. He disowned whatever in his discourse lent itself to brute reproduction, mass production, system. On the contrary, he called essential whatever did not speak to everybody, but only somebody. What follows is my personal response. It is indeed somebody's (and it is probably Greek to critics), but Somebody hopes to speak to somebody else.

It may be books and years before the Lab.'s treatment of texts is well understood. Pot-shot attempts, like that of the *Times'* critic, Walter Kerr, have already begun to falsify the matter. The Lab.'s performances were in Polish. But this unscholarly situation was not all for the worst. Whatever good America got from the Lab., it got from Polish actors and not from Polish literature. On the other hand, not everyone looked at the actors. Critics John Simon and Eric Bentley, for instance, were driven, in their attempts to assess the meaning of "Grotowski," to analyze the behavior of the ushers. (Americans, the ushers spoke English.) Bentley repented and went on to look at the actors. Simon, however, never saw beyond the door—proof that critics tend to panic in the presence of the unfamiliar.

Grotowski's nicknaming of the text as a "pretext" or a

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"springboard" for performance is often cited. But his global idea of the text as a "défi," or "challenge," is not nearly so easy to either hail or condemn. If the Lab. casts literature more in the role of sacrificial lamb than sacred cow, literature is not a loser. The idol falls, the blood flows. The icon is made the adversary, and the result is more than iconoclasm. I pre-read a translation of *The Constant Prince* just before seeing the show. Without mercy, the Lab. constrained a possible melodrama to fit a cruelly antiseptic mold. Some impossibly romantic conceits were made to live, ironically, inside of inhumanities. But others were mated, and their melodrama checked, with mere (and, by contrast, magical) ingenuousness.

A friend of mine is dramatizing "the pilgrimage to Mecca." I suggested that he do it as if in a boxcar full of deportees to Siberia. There, you have the bent of the Lab.'s treatment of texts. Or, in Joe Papp's production of *Hamlet* at the N.Y. Shakespeare Festival Public Theatre, Marty Sheen, playing Hamlet, did "To be or not to be . . ." in hard-core Puerto Rican diction. This kind of stage play cannot be legitimized by reference to "Grotowski," any more than my idea of Mecca by boxcar. But it does evoke Grotowski's will: the will to confront the best traditional material with actual experience. Creativity, as he says, is always linked to certain forms of controversy and contradiction.

Of course, the more personal the experience, the truer the confrontation. I have never been deported. I could only claim my idea as a personal head-on/face-off to the extent that Stalinism, like Hitlerism, is part of "the modern experience." Stalinism is personal to me only insofar as it warps the environment of my mind. As such, it might be a dubious departure for a really personal confrontation with sacred Islamic scriptures. It might only be a gimmick.

The Lab.'s *Akropolis* is less suspect. The text for it is an epic epitomization of Western tradition by the Polish symbolist, Stanislaw Wyspianski. In the Lab.'s dramatic collision, Wyspianski's text is played out as if in Auschwitz—and not as if in Cracow Cathedral on Easter Eve, as the author wished. I don't think that Grotowski or any of his actors inhabited Auschwitz, but it is a *modern national* Polish experience. That's one step closer to home than a merely modern experience. Even so, it could be a gimmick.

But it isn't, because it provides the Lab.'s actors with a fertile ground for even more specific duels. Their Auschwitz-Acropolis sets the stage for a confrontation of self: not just the modern self or the national self, but the actor's self.

About the likes of Sheen's soliloquy, the question raised by "Grotowski" is not whether one can or can't, ought or ought not, do such things to Shakespeare. But: Is the new twist just a trick, a ploy? Or does it begin to reveal Sheen's intimate experience? With what does he confront the text? With certain embarrassment of race and class? With some particular incident in his life which landed him in that double posture of fear and inferiority, on the one side, and disdain, on the other, that an over-privileged citizen is apt to feel beside an under-privileged one? With a day that Sheen met some hardly bilingual super, carrying out the garbage, who was equal, in his own way, to the existential dialectic immortalized in the character of Shakespeare's prince?

Sheen's twist would have been untrue if he, or his director, had added it in for the sake of anthropological-urban nuance. High camp. But, in fact, I remember finding in Sheen's soliloquy something less perverse, less rational, and less gimmicky. I saw him touch a disarmed, and disarming, self. This self was embarrassed, embarrassing, vulnerable, unmasked—not because those are ethnic traits of New York's Spanish-speakers and Sheen mimicked them, but only because, for him, the ethnic twist was a way to approach and reveal his own intimacy. (Or was it mine?)

Whether or not Sheen's motivation was autobiographically specific, whether or not it had anything to do with race or class, and even whether or not it was a conscious association, Sheen faced something in himself which, even for him, (to paraphrase Shakespeare) had to be acted ere it could be scanned. There was an inner necessity in his act that transcended the worries of textual interpretation. There was a shiver of personal truth, and so, of dramatic credibility.

In the performance of the Lab., this same kind of credibility is juxtaposed with incredible gestural behaviors—and, also, with songs and sonic booms. The text serves the art of the actor, and not vice versa; but the text is not the performance's Uncle Tom. If a piece of literature inspired a sculpture (and it's been known to happen) none would protest that the sculptor did not equip his sculpture with a tape-recording of the *belle lettre* that amused him. But it takes extreme virtuosity, like the Lab.'s, to convince people that theatre should be rid of the colonial imperialism of the literary muse. And, in declaring the independence of the actor, the Lab., unlike many similar theatre groups, looks to a harder, not easier, performance task.

Sex in the Theater

Acts of intimacy, as such, according to Grotowski, are impossible to perform in public. On the contemporary American stage, Grotowski finds a rash of "sexual gymnastics" and nudity which is not naked. Nudity in the theatre, he feels, is only another "mask." To freely paraphrase him, sex as a mask degrades sex as a source of life. In pretending to wholesale intimacy, theatre degrades the untouchable. In merchandising sex, theatre saps it of its totalizing value. A source of life is a secret resource. It makes life cohere. What is intimate is what can totalize. Its degradation brings on the malaise of fragmentation.

According to Grotowski, sex is the last bastion of hu-

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man integrity. If it is not respected and esteemed, there remains no possibility of authentic relationship, or any communication at all, between human beings. To him, privacy is a vital and necessary category. And an actor whose life does not contain some hallowed ground can never practice the art of dramatic revelation. There is a strict reciprocal dependence between self-revealment and whatever, in an individual, makes up the inner sanctum of his life. A little more thought on the subject of publicity and privacy (as the essential dialectic of theatre) and a little less on the mind-sault of reality and illusion, borrowed from literators and literati, would restore some perspective of dignity to the theatre.

Grotowski distinguishes between breaking taboos and destroying the sources of life. It is one thing to clear out repression, or to ungild golden calves; it is quite another to sterilize a source of life, or to make light of a vital abashment. The confusion of these different projects was the central problem attacked by Grotowski in his fourth lecture. He saw a certain innocence in the proclivity of "hippies" to undress (as well as to dress eclectically) and to declare an open season on sex. But he noted ambiguities. There is, he said, a danger of fascism in any nudity or sexual self-display which is only the revenge of generation against degeneration, or of youth-and-beauty's cult against the corporal ugliness of age.

To disrobe semi-publicly "among one's own" or as a protest against the police, Grotowski noted, is not the same as to disrobe onstage, where nudity is inevitably sold as a substitute for psychic nakedness, or *"dépouillement"* (literally, "skin-shedding"). It is the skin, and not the clothes, which must be shed; and Grotowski finds no iconoclastic value in the display of skin onstage.

A black man with white values is, as they say, a nigger. And a human being who does not shiver in the embrace of the untouchable is only a humanoid. In light of this, the nudity and sex on the American stage is a backfiring antidote to the technological world. It is the automation of the fascination of Sex, the master-fascinator. The mock-up and masquerade of it is unlikely to humanize mechanical men.

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While intimacy remains a private resource, acts of honesty or sincerity, according to Grotowski, are possible onstage. The honest act is the one that approaches and reveals the actor's intimate life-experience. His act can refer to and rely on private sources, but it cannot display them in the altogether. They are secrets which must be kept in order to be shared. They are keepsakes. They are the touchy and untouchable things which abash us. Like blackness and sex. Not blackness and sex as taboo subjects, but blackness and sex as private and particular experiences of individuals. To stage intimacy is an impossible and degrading pretension. To pursue the art of dramatic revelation is a harder course, and not so easy to fall into.

There are some things, like his skin, which the actor can show. There are other things, like his experience, which he can only reveal, or intimate. Experience, as R. D. Laing puts it, used to be called the soul.

To show and to reveal are infinitives of different voice, at bottom. I show. It reveals, or is revealed. They involve different persons, too. The actor, as Grotowski puts it, must not be able to say, ultimately, "I act," but, rather, "It acts in me." "It" is the third-person neuter of passion, to coin a grammar. The actor is poor in relation to "it." Grotowski distinguishes between *avoir* and *accomplir*. The actor doesn't *have* "it." Rather, "it" is accomplished in him, or he accomplishes "it."

The sense of this is not at all obscure. In just the same way, a mother is poor in relation to the child in her womb, or, more exactly, in relation to bearing the child. There are only certain things she can do, biologically, organically. Reciprocally, the child is a great resource and treasure. And (although parents forget it) in the risk and pain of birth, a mother knows that she does not own her child. As of the child, so of the actor's experience. Grotowski's "method" is midwifery. Now you've got it.

"It" suggests something not impersonal but trans-personal. Paradoxically, "it" can speak in the actor, with general relevance, only if he undertakes a trip toward the special, private sources of his life. "It" does not suggest a state of allegory and grace which is handed to the actor by the symbolism of the text. Rather, "it" is something which the actor, to quote Grotowski, "must prove." The actor must mother the newest, obscenely weakest body of his experience. Then the world will see and recognize.

In my own recollection, the Lab. swaddled this newborn babe in the partial nudity (and total nakedness) of the Prince in *The Constant Prince* and in the markedly sexual vibrations between the Christ-Idiot and Mary Magdalene in *Apocalypsis cum Figuris*. Indeed, the whole of either performance was sexual and naked throughout. But I did not recognize any photographs or sketches of my bedroom-life. What I recognized was the excitement of my pathetically intimate self.

Intuitions interplay; but what the actors' associations were is a secret, and it doesn't matter. It is enough to say

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that they were there. Any truly psycho-physical act is the definition of vulnerability, or disarmament. Man be my metaphor, armament is the ability to perform a psychic act that is not incarnate. Armament is the status quo. I don't go to the theatre to see an actor's mimesis (which, alone, is only an arsenal of specialized arms); I go to see him unarm.

"It" spoke clearly to Eric Bentley in *Apocalypsis:*

> About half way through the play I had a quite specific illumination. A message came to me—from nowhere, as they say—about my private life and self. This message must stay private, to be true to itself, but the fact that it arrived has public relevance.

It seemed to him unlike anything that had ever happened to him in the theatre before, "or even in revivalist meetings." Hooray, I say. I would only quarrel with Bentley's use of the word, "message," because, as we know, the medium. . . .

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MALOFF/WRITERS & WRITING

THE FINE HART OF BIOGRAPHY

Questions of relative merit aside, three recent thick, square, "definitive" literary biographies raise issues concerning the nature of biography itself —which is to say of the enterprise of so ordering the multitudinous "data," the infinite flow, of a subject's life that a recognizable person emerges from the chaos, one whom we can see, hear, touch, recognize—a person who has been as much imagined as reconstructed from the received materials, one who is fully capable of making the poem or novel, performing the fell deed or the miracle, committing the inconceivable murder or the singular act of grace that is his claim upon history.

Our response to a truly successful work of biography is likely to go far beyond the more limited gratification we experience upon seeing the sequential record set straight at last, the brute facts got right, the figure in the carpet finally disclosed—Wordsworth's youthful transgressions; Byron's half-sister and their child; Hardy's ill-fated love; or whatever. Melodramatic revelations, while they may satisfy our baser taste for scandal or shock, may in fact "explain" a good deal or very little or nothing at all; whereas the event that no one particularly noticed can strike with devastating effect the innermost life. But above all, biography of the first order, like fiction of the first order, is commodious enough in its conception of character to contain opposites and contradictions, inconsistencies and anomalies, confusion and mystification; in short, it freely acknowledges the mystery of character, and though it never abandons the immense effort of reducing the surrounding darkness, it recognizes when it encounters in it the impenetrable center. Great biographies —and autobiographies—are as rare as great novels.

The Quest

Most notably in our generation, perhaps, Ellmann's *James Joyce,* Edel's *Henry James* and Painter's *Marcel Proust* succeed, in their different ways, where most others fail; in them, we feel, what is now knowable becomes known: insofar as he can be known at this remove, there is the man, that is what he must have been like, save in those remotest privacies where knowledge of whatever kind—even self-knowledge—must be forever denied us. The poles between which the quest for understanding constantly gravitates are imagination and fact, and though the life itself seeks always to elude encirclement, it is finally caught. But what we mean by "caught" varies with our conception of character—of motive and meaning and act—in both life and art; and it may be that the general uneasiness that pervades modern literature precisely with respect to "character" underlies our dissatisfaction with most biographies, and is bound to have consequences, sooner or later, for the practice of biography itself.

Among recent ambitious biographies, Gordon Haight's ponderous and indispensable work on George Eliot, though a noble monument to traditional scholarship, leaves the great novelist where it found her—still very much of an enigma—with the difference that now we know virtually everything about her that we can hope to contain in our minds as we continue to stare in amazement at the blurred surface and shifting light; Hemingway, in Carlos Baker's voluminous court record, lies buried beneath the debris of his life; and Hart Crane—in John Unterecker's moving, industrious and valiant critical biography—is "developed" by accretion and accumulation as Crane appears serially, seen now in this letter or episode, that reminiscence or anecdote, one or another context or predicament.

Again, making use of materials not available to Philip Horton in his fine 1936 and still valuable book, Unterecker lays out as much of the life as can be made visible (and public, considering that many of the men and women who were significant persons in Crane's life are still alive)—but despite all Unterecker's sensitivity and diligence, Crane emerges less a man, even a complex man (which he surely was) than a cast of characters who slip erratically in and out of their fluid roles.

Unterecker, who is also a poet and critic, is despairingly conscious of the maddening difficulty of his enterprise. His "search," he writes, "was for the man"; but he also writes, at the end

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of his quest, that though everything he learned may be "accurate to aspects of his personality," it may also be "false to the man." He concludes, in fact, that the "truth" of a man is of its nature beyond ordinary definition; and ends his book, appropriately, with lines from Crane's "My Grandmother's Love Letters," which allude poignantly to this truth. Perhaps all we are saying when we despair of the quest is that a man's truth lies not at the point of intersection of however many converging lines, but at the hypothetical end of some infinite recession.

Another Crane

The appearance of Susan Jenkins Brown's *Robber Rocks: Letters and Memories of Hart Crane, 1923-1932* (Wesleyan University Press, $5.95) several months after the publication of Unterecker's *Voyager: A Life of Hart Crane* affords a special glimpse of some of the pleasures and pitfalls of the memorist's craft. Mrs. Brown was, with her former husband, the novelist William Slater Brown, a good friend of Crane's during the period specified in the title—one of the couples in whose company Crane apparently spent some of his warmest, least hectic days, mostly in the bucolic setting of the Browns' country house (the "Robber Rocks" of the title) and its immediate neighborhood. The countryside was (and is) magnificent; the company of friends (the Malcolm Cowleys, the Matthew Josephsons, the Robert Coatses —married couples, babies, small children) was reassuring, exhilarating; and those were the years of the major poems.

Here, then, in this context, Mrs. Brown knew him best—at, presumably, his most serene (almost the last word one would want to use for Crane), most "normal" (the last word), best behaved—a good and fond friend among friends and peers. Occasionally, in a fit of pique, he would throw his typewriter out of a second-story window; if there was hard cider within a day's hard march, he managed to find it; naturally, there were spats and worse, tantrums now and again, and he had an unfortunate preference for turning the volume of his victrola full-blast while he worked—but there were also hilarity and boisterous high spirits, lively parties and good talk, lawn croquet and long walks in the woods. The waterfronts of New York and Jersey—the gin-mills and his beloved "mariners," the compulsive cruising for rough trade—the scenes of his recurrent disasters were far away; and so was Cleveland and his carnivorous mother and bewildered, wounded father. Here, if anywhere, Crane was granted a relative reprieve from the smothering pressures of his life.

In consequence, Mrs. Brown, whose gift for friendship evidently matched Crane's own, can retain across the softening, distancing years benign memories of that good time when everything still seemed possible for Hart and everyone else; and can record now, as she arranges her letters and recollections, a disarming, no-nonsense, affectionate but clear-eyed view not of the demon-ridden *poète maudit* of myth and legend but of the charming if sometimes trying man she knew.

Her book, provided it is seen in the perspective of Horton's and Unterecker's, affords a welcome respite, passages of calm amidst the ravaging storms; and she is being nothing other than faithful to her memories when she insists that Hart was not at all that way, that the man she knew was the "essential" Hart Crane—though of course she is perfectly aware that he had other, more driven lives to live in other places. No doubt she adds useful material to a fuller portrait of the poet, and is sometimes able to correct false impressions from first-hand evidence. Any future "definitive" biography will have to take her memoir into account; indeed details of the received portrait, and perhaps even its proportions, may have to be reassessed.

Yet there is no forgetting that Mrs. Brown is hardly a disinterested spectator dispassionately weighing cold evidence. She writes as a loyal, warmhearted friend who was a participant in the events she chronicles. But "hard" evidence is one thing; and highly charged images held in the mind for decades, and colored and formed by emotion and sentiment, are another. It is in no way intended as disparagement to say that we all make fiction of our lives: the function of memory, for good and for ill, is in part an aesthetic and moral one—it creates and destroys, arranges and shapes, places and judges.

The very quality of the language Mrs. Brown employs expresses a wish to protect a felt reality against the distortions of legend—to adjust the balance; but, one comes to feel, she insists too much. "Self-indulgent" (to cite one example) scarcely conveys the wild recklessness of Crane's nature—neither the spiraling euphoria nor the towering rages; nor can "tipsy prowl" possibly convey very much of the harsher realities of the war of attrition Crane conducted against himself throughout his life. What most charms us about *Robber Rocks* does not necessarily most enlighten us.

The same must be said of Peggy Baird Cowley's memoir of Crane's last months in Mexico, with which Mrs. Brown concludes her book. Inevitably, some of what was happening both to and within Crane eluded her notice and understanding. Of course, retrospective wisdom is the easiest kind to come by; naturally, at this remove it seems incredible that those closest to him could not see that Crane was careening toward the end. The difference must have seemed one of degree. *He* knew what was happening to him. The next bottle would be the last, and so would the next escapade. And didn't his affair with a woman "prove" that he was not a homosexual? Moreover, the long, terrible block had, it appeared, dissolved at last, and he was writing again. And given his volatile nature would he not rise from the depths again, not much the worse for wear? Death is always astonishing.

As a "fiction," there is so little in either memoir to prepare us for the death. Each incident leading up to it was nothing remarkably new in itself: blind drunks, Indian boys, unaccountable rages. True, he had slashed to

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pieces Sequieros' portrait of him; and true, the latest Indian boys chanced into his life during the affair that was presumably to lead to his marriage; and true, the sight of him had become enough to set the Mexican police to rattling their keys; and true, he had made a couple of passes at suicide and a dramatic production of drawing up a will. All true. Following whatever happened on the night before his death —he had been drunk, and whatever it was he wouldn't say or couldn't remember, and he had been robbed of his wallet—he was obviously terrified, as a man might be who felt he had harrowed hell for the last time, though to the unwary he may have appeared only unusually shaken and contrite, perhaps a little quieter than was his wont. For the rest, we have to imagine the unimaginable.

The year was 1932. His father's estate had dissolved in the Depression. He was living on handouts, including whatever his stepmother could spare from her salary. As luck goes at such times, he either hadn't mailed, or his editor hadn't received, the manuscript of his last poem; his editor's silence confirmed his fear that he had run dry. He would be returning a failure (so he imagined) to a New York that was unrecognizably changed. He was "betrothed," after a fashion, to a woman. The prospect before him for gaining the meanest livelihood involved working off his debts by helping his stepmother tend the family shop.

One can go on and on naming each killing element of the total terror. One must imagine him, a topcoat over his pajamas, on his way to his cabin for no purpose other than to change clothes; and at a point somewhere between the cabin he had left and the one he was going to—at a point where all the deathliness of his descending life converged (none in itself lethal and all until then held separate by some saving suspension of the mind) and in a moment which we can only approach but never enter, he ended his voyage. There, midway between imagination and fact, the biographer practices his art.

SAUL MALOFF

BOOKS

Meanwhile, back at the reservation . . .

Our Brother's Keeper: The Indian in White America

EDGAR S. CAHN, ED.

New Community Press, $2.95

Custer Died for Your Sins: An Indian Manifesto

VINE DELORIA, JR.

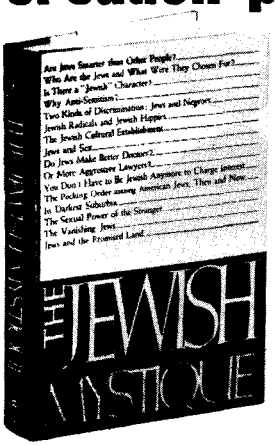
Macmillan, $5.95

EDWARD WITTEN

Unseen among the skyscrapers, unreached by the problem-solvers—the American Indians. The usual donors do not seem to have heard of them; groups to aid the Indians often raise most of their money from quiet, conservative patricians with special guilts about the crimes of their ancestors. The pitiable victim for whom liberals usually weep scarcely resembles the real thing, although previous waves of missionaries and civilizers would recognize him. The Citizens' Advocate Center, which caused a minor scandal with *Hunger USA,* has now tried to make Indian affairs a national issue, and the vignettes around which *Our Brother's Keeper* develops are extremely moving. But it is fragmented for shock value and immediate impact; the CAC traded a considered treatment of Indians for the press coverage it never got.

No matter how accustomed you are to ritual sobs at the Indian's plight, you shed real tears with the Navajo woman who walked thirty miles with her sick baby to the nearest road, and you laugh a really dry laugh when you learn that in the nation's second largest reser-

Conversation piece



Let's hear first from ANATOLE BROYARD. "Brilliant and controversial," he says. "The ironies and absurdities that had the whole country laughing at *Portnoy's Complaint* are a drop in the bucket to what the reader will find in *The Jewish Mystique.*"[1]

"Takes the mystery out of the mystique," adds SIDNEY HOOK.

Says the distinguished anthropologist ASHLEY MONTAGU: "Dr. van den Haag makes a great deal more sense about Jews and Jewishness than many larger and more scholarly tomes. This is a sensible book that should be placed in the hands of everyone, non-Jew and Jew alike, who really wants to know what a Jew is."[2]

"Now I know," remarks WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY Jr., "why many of my best friends are Jewish."

And JOHN BARKHAM sums it up: "This book is destined to become the conversation piece of the season."[3]

Now in its fourth large printing.

The Jewish Mystique

by Ernest van den Haag *$5.95 at bookstores*

STEIN AND DAY / Publishers

[1]N. Y. *Times Book Review* [2]*Book Week* [3]Saturday Review Syndicate

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ervation, the poverty budget is $8040 per family, but only $1910 (median family income) filters down to the recipients. Hastily and sloppily written as if to symbolize urgency, *Our Brother's Keeper* tells many pieces of a bitter story, but it fails to smash the stereotypes by putting the pieces in place. It reinforces a common weakness of white men's accounts of Indians by failing to take seriously the positive role Indians could play in American life as a living contrast to our splintered, materialist society. In the end the reader is disturbed but little wiser.

While it is refreshing to hear from a real Sioux with a sense of humor, Vine Deloria's argument in *Custer Died for Your Sins* is extremely difficult to follow. He repeatedly loses his point in a verbal jungle, and says things he does not mean to say because his ideas are not clearly formed.

He attacks anthropologists, missionaries, and politicians for pursuing their respective theories at the expense of Indians as human beings. Analysis of cultural conflict, he believes, only obscures the need to solve concrete problems. "Regardless of theory, the Pyramid Lake Paiutes and the Gila River Pima Maricopas are poor because they have been systematically cheated out of their water rights. . . . No matter how many worlds Indians straddle, the Plains Indians have an inadequate land base that continues to shrink because of land sales. . . ."

Although black people must create a common culture, Indians only need techniques for survival, and survival has very tangible requirements. "Recently, blacks and some Indians have defined racial problems as having one focal point—the White Man. This concept is a vast oversimplification of the real problem, as it centers on a racial theme rather than on specific facts."

Despite his insistence on concreteness, he indulges in some very vague speculations about modern society as the triumph of tribalism. With the rise of corporations, which he views as modern tribes, he anticipates the demise of Western government. After giving the capitalists responsibility for the withering away of the state, he offers all the right-wing arguments for rugged individualism, then sides with the bad guys, the collectivists. We are learning to surrender sovereignty to the group; "tribalism is the strongest force at work in the world today." The trouble with the Bureau of Indian Affairs, he concludes, is not that it is too powerful, but that its relations with Indians have the wrong ideological basis. When Indians cease to seek the chimera of increased responsibility over their own affairs, and get a new name for their dealings with the Bureau, the Bureau will cease to "struggle along . . . as the scapegoat for the collective sins of both red and white." And Indians, the most tribal people in the richest nation, will have a special advantage in realizing a "nationalist continuum." They will have Deloria's muddy world to win.

Deloria is consistently more sympathetic than the CAC to the Federal Government; paternalism he considers a quality of private efforts. He is interested only in what happens to his people, and views the Government as a sort of unfathomable lump. The CAC, on the other hand, wants to know how and why Indians have been treated in such a fashion, and what this means for our "arrogant and insecure" society. So, while they necessarily look at Deloria's world from the outside, they dissect the internal functions of government in crushing detail. Deloria believes that the Indian Reorganization Act of 1934 gave Indians their first taste of self-government in half a century, but the CAC roasts it as a club for forcing foreign forms of government upon the tribes. Major differences between them reflect the fact that only Deloria can possibly commit himself totally to Indian life.

Reading these two books together is a very sad experience. Deloria says that young Indians are too often lulled by cultural theories; real leadership has come from the older generation. It is tempting to wonder what kind of leadership came from the generation of compromise and submission; the CAC would call them puppets of the BIA. But there is this truth in Deloria's statement: it is no longer possible to affirm the Indian way yet reject the way Indians have faced the white man for three centuries. The CAC would like to wipe clean the slate of tragedy, but this slate cannot be wiped clean. By this time the Indian's response to the white man is an important part of his heritage; and it makes no more sense for the white man to taunt the leaders than to dismiss the heritage. The CAC has the bitterness of fresh discovery, but Deloria's people have been around a long time.

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Collected Stories

PETER TAYLOR

Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $10

ALBERT J. GRIFFITH

It was a little more than thirty years ago that Peter Taylor first edged in on the literary scene. He was just a callow college boy then, but he had enough talent and enough devotion to his native Tennessee to impress a beneficent pan-

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theon of teachers: Allen Tate at Southwestern, John Crowe Ransom at Vanderbilt and Kenyon, and Robert Penn Warren at Louisiana State. These helped him find his own preliminary place in the little magazines (*Kenyon Review, River, Southern Review*) and later a permanent niche among the perfume and jewelry ads of the *New Yorker*. When his first collection of stories, *A Long Fourth*, appeared in 1948, Warren wrote the preface and set the pace for most future criticism by declaring the stories chronicles of the decline of Southern family life.

Over the years Taylor piled up a stodgily respectable list of honors, including Fulbright, Guggenheim, and Ford Foundation mementos. His stories turned up unobtrusively in prize anthologies and college textbooks, and he himself regularly manned lecterns at an assortment of universities, including Harvard and Oxford. The proper literary surveys gave him dutiful nods, and his unanimously delighted critics compared him not unflatteringly to Trollope, James, Katherine Anne Porter, Turgenev, Tolstoi, and Chekhov.

Yet, for all this, Peter Taylor is not much better known to the general American reading public now at the time of his retrospective *Collected Stories* than he was thirty years ago. *New Yorker* readers know him, and *aficionados* of Southern fiction, but who else? The sad fact is that in an age of exploitation, when pressagentry often means more than art, Peter Taylor remains a perfectly unpromotable writer, landing just as close to one end of the exploitation spectrum as Jacqueline Susann does to the other.

Take Taylor's typical subject matter, for instance. His protagonists are small town doctors and state senators and scholars on sabbatical, cotton brokers and colored cooks and country club brides—all remote in a thousand ways from the "relevant" obsessions of the sixties. Though Taylor deals with communication breakdowns between races and classes and generations, the resultant conflicts are personal, internalized, revealed in muted symbolic gestures rather than in shrieks and sorties. Even in the latest story in the collection, a story first published in 1969, the hero is, of all things, a college president, a former dean of men, who writes a three-generation memoir to warn his hippie-type son that despite betrayals "a man must somehow go on living among men."

There is no sensationalism, either, in Taylor's treatment of the South—no wild Faulknerian rhetoric, no violent melodrama, no Gothic grotesqueries. Taylor's Southerners are not the usual decadent aristocrats or earthy primitives; they are mostly unpicturesque well-to-do upper-middle-class urbanized professional people who have moved up from and out of small country towns to big Southern cities like Memphis or Nashville or even outside the South to foreign climes like St. Louis and Detroit and Chicago. Their lives have crises (how to keep servants during the Depression, how to entertain rural relatives, how to get an old Negro woman to quit pulling her slop wagon through

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the streets of the old home-town), but they are more like the crises of Silas Lapham or Emma Woodhouse than those of Thomas Sutpen or Peyton Loftis.

Taylor's form is no more exploitable than his subject matter. Though he has published one novelette and three plays and is still working on several more plays and a novel trilogy, his reputation at this point must rest almost entirely on his short fiction—some forty-odd stories spread out over three decades. These stories, moreover, are unapologetically old-fashioned: devoid of dazzling stunts or pyrotechnics, lucid in style, genteel in language, detached or gently ironic in tone, eschewing both the esoteric and the scatological, tantalizing neither the academic explicators on the one hand or the media markets on the other. The basic form Peter Taylor uses most frequently, in fact, is the memoir story—leisurely, digressive, reflective, casual but complex, sifting past experience through the time-wrought wisdom of a civilized intelligence.

The *Collected Stories* is no more likely than his earlier books to make a talk-show celebrity out of Peter Taylor. But, by reassembling almost half his total output, this new volume can make obvious the incredible skill of a master craftsman who never for one moment tolerates excesses in his own sensibilities or in the understated artistic form he gives to those sensibilities. Long-time admirers will regret that some of the best of his old stories ("The Scoutmaster," "Rain in the Heart," "A Long Fourth," "The Dark Path," "Two Ladies in Retirement," "Friend and Protector") have not been included and that several outstanding new pieces ("End of Play," "Throughway," "A Cheerful Disposition") remain uncollected. But there are twenty-one stories here to be grateful for, each in its own way a fine-chiseled masterpiece, each in its own way a testament to the fact that relevance is to be sought not just in the timely but in the timeless as well.

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The Sacraments: An Experiment In Ecumenical Honesty

ERNEST J. FIEDLER AND
R. BENJAMIN GARRISON

Abingdon Press, $3.50

BERNARD COOKE

Dr. Garrison and Monsignor Fiedler quite humbly entitle their book *An Experiment in Ecumenical Honesty*. It is really much more than an experiment; it is a clear and intriguing witness to the Christian honesty of its two authors, and equally to their realistic hope for future full reunion and to their genuine Christian brotherhood. The obvious and unaffected regard the two men have for one another is its own lesson in ecumenical procedure: it permits them to listen to and learn from one another; it enables them to reach beyond verbal differences to a level of true common understanding; it demands an honest mutual confrontation of the barriers that still bar them from the fuller unity both seek.

This book has the objective of expressing the wide range of agreement about sacraments which the two authors, the one a Roman Catholic priest and the other a Methodist pastor, had discovered in sharing their beliefs with one another. At the same time, it is addressed to working pastors and concerned laymen —both Protestant and Catholic—in the hope of making the practice of sacraments more intelligible and relevant to today's men and women.

Both objectives are well served by the tone and structure of the book: the authors alternate in writing the ten short chapters, discussing with one another and the reader the topics of baptism, Eucharist, the number of sacraments, the sacramentality of the Word and of life. Both authors, fortunately, are gifted with the power of clear, imaginative, and down-to-earth language. Even apart from the ecumenical value of the volume, it is a worthwhile explanation of many aspects of Christian sacrament.

The reader would mistakenly look for creative theological advance in this book; neither author has any pretensions in this regard. Rather, it is grounded in some of the best current theology about sacraments: Rahner and Diekmann and Schillebeeckx on the Catholic side, Marty, Baillie and Temple on the Protestant. Its own contribution is to bring this theological thought into contact with the pastoral experience of the two authors and with the living faith of their people, and to indicate in that context the promising reality of convergence in Catholic-Protestant understanding of sacrament.

What this present reviewer finds particularly exciting is the way in which the most recent probings of Christian theology allow one to push even further along the path these two authors lead us. It was a deepened and more correct undestanding of sacraments on both sides that allowed these two authors to dis-

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REVIEWERS

SAUL MALOFF is the author of *Happy Families* (Scribner's).

EDWARD WITTEN spent the summer at an Indian settlement in Iowa on an American Friends Service Committee project. He has written for *The Nation* and the *Washington Post*.

ALBERT J. GRIFFITH is the author of a forthcoming study of Peter Taylor in Twayne's *United States Authors Series*.

BERNARD COOKE, formerly chairman of the theology department at Marquette, is a research fellow at Yale Divinity School.

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cover the extent of their agreement. And it seems that nothing will increase the extent of this agreement more than further clarification of common insight through theological research and reflection. For this reason, it is a little puzzling to discover a bit of anti-theological sentiment in the book—though admittedly it is not severe. What has been the problem in the past is not theology, but bad theology; or even more, pietism and religious sentiment unguided by accurate theology.

Having said this, however, I cannot agree more with the passionate desire of the authors to push beyond the stage of discussion, to avoid theological nit-picking, and to get down to the practical working out of reunited Christian community existence. Neither author is the least inclined to compromise his own tradition's understanding of Christian faith and worship; neither desires a unity that is based on anything other than true sharing of faith and insight. Yet both reflect the view that thought must pass into action, as soon as that is possible.

It was unavoidable, when two men of such frankness were discussing sacraments, that the topic of Eucharistic communion arise. There is a marked reluctance on the part of both men to push too rapidly in the direction of common Eucharistic celebration, though certain phrases seem to indicate that they see such Eucharistic sharing as a rather logical conclusion from some of their insights. This is not to say that at this point the authors retreat from the candor that marks their book; rather, they are faced with what is for all concerned with genuine Christian reunion a delicate situation of choice. Their choice stresses the notion of Eucharist as expression of unity already existent rather than that of Eucharist as source of unity not yet existent.

In summary, this book should be very successful in attaining the purpose for which it was written. Perhaps the most important things about this book are the fact that it could be written at all—a reflection of the extent to which Catholic-Protestant thought is converging—and the fact that it will very shortly be out of date, which reflects the rate at which this convergence is happening. In achieving such convergence this book will make its own genuine contribution.

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CORRESPONDENCE

(Continued from page 499)

tinent. But on three points I must make a reservation and a protest.

First, Gaylin as a scientist should indicate to what particular view of homosexuality he subscribes and should not suggest that people (e.g., Rev. Neale Secor and the leaders of the homophile movement) who hold views different from his own are naive and uninformed.

Second, Gaylin criticizes Weltge for including articles by representatives of the homophile movement "as though those public evangelists of 'Gay is Good' speak with any special authority about the private world of the homosexual." I must protest this judgmental and patronizing put-down. If homosexuals cannot speak with special authority about "the private world of the homosexual," who can? Are other minority groups also unable to speak with any special authority about their private worlds?

Third, Gaylin's extensive and irate comments on Secor's article are unworthy of a professional person. Maybe Secor overstates his position and maybe his words could at times be more precise. But that does not justify labeling them "propaganda" and "prejudice." Nor is the careful reader impressed by Gaylin's weak attempt to dismiss Secor's points by ridicule. Secor says that "throughout history the Western church . . . has said a loud 'No' to homosexuality" and "throughout primitive and recorded history, animal life (including human) and certain entire cultures have said either a loud 'Yes' or at least an audible 'Maybe' to homosexuality." (Incidentally, Gaylin finds it convenient to omit parts of this statement.) It may be cute to ask what animals have been talking to Secor, but that does not refute the reports of scientists who have observed homosexual behavior in animals. Similarly, equating "primitive" with "historic" is deliberate misrepresentation. Social scientists in fact study and write about primitive societies and even prehistoric societies. As Gaylin well knows, some primitive societies have been observed first-hand by modern scholars. And in both cases physical remains (including artistic representations) may well tell researchers something about the sexual life of "primitive" peoples. Moreover, historians use the word "prehistoric" (not "primitive") to refer to the period for which no readable written records are available. . . .

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